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MEDICAL
REMARKS
ON
THE FOLLY
OF
QUACKERY;
AND THE
Danger of trusting
TO
Advertised Medicines.

By Dr Palin
of
Newport
Salop

Made in Converſation with a Lady.

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PREFACE.

EVERY Science has its use, and tends to the Happiness of Man, either by gratifying his Wants, or refining his Pleasures. All Sciences however, are not alike beneficial, but of those which are most highly so, that of Medicine stands highest. Like a Sun among minor Stars, its distinguish'd Radiance diffuses, at once, Health and Pleasure, while their feeble glimmering excites only our Admiration, or pleases our Fancy. But the Genealogy it boasts, is far more exalted than any other can assume to, and while one of those is the Offspring of Indolence, *and another of* Interest, The Art of Physic, Cicero *says*, is sacred to the Invention of the immortal Gods, *and* Ecclesiastes, That God created the Physician, and the Physic, and that he hath given Science to Men, and that 'tis he that healeth Man.

The Structure which has the Credit of such a Founder, would, one might imagine, like the Temples of the Gods; be too venerable for every unhallowed Foot to enter: like them, it ought to excite too much our Reverence, to be made the Scene of a base, and interested Traffic. Its Ministers should be too conscious of their dignified Station to be capable of degrading themselves by any Pursuits beneath it. Its true Ministers generally are so, but they are not all of that Description, who assert Claim to that Honour. The World abounds with many false ones, who disgrace not only the Science they profess to serve, but cast an ignominious Reflection on the Nation also, in which they appear.

In fact this science, which is the rightful Mistress of the animal system, whose proper office it is to preside over it, in every state alike; to regulate it in the full Enjoyment of Health, and control it under the Dominion of Disease, is degraded in her Empire. She is subjected to the perpetual Usurpation of Men, who, under her Name, propagate Doctrines, and pursue Practices, that are none of hers: such as their own Interest only could first devise, and the Weakness of others ratify. That Weakness which, from an habitual Submission to some Authority or other, becomes in a short Time submissive to any; to the most feeble, and the meanest; to such even as the vile Advertisements of impoverished Quacks, and every other Artifice of Empiricism.

Such a shameful and vicious Weakness can only arise, one might think, from the grossest Ignorance, and be habitual to none but the lowest among the Vulgar; when we see, however, many others indulging the same Infirmity of Mind, whom Fortune hath adorned with her best Gifts, and elevated to a Situation equal with the highest; our astonishment is great indeed. So misplac'd a Confidence, in those Arts of Imposture especially, which often prove the most fatal, and which of all others it is most necessary to be able to stand firm Proof against, cannot certainly proceed altogether from wilful Blindness; but rather from some Want of Information on those Heads so essential to their Welfare; some Misconception respecting the Nature of their frame, and the Changes of which it is, or is not, capable.

In these Discourses, therefore, a Lady is introduced to be instructed somewhat concerning these Things. I have availed myself of this Fiction to give an Air of Pleasantry to the Subject; and further to encourage the Fair Sex to peruse this little Book, I have aimed at a Style as free as possible from all grave Declamation and abstruse Argument. Moreover as the physical Ideas connected with this Subject, are sometimes dry and insipid, I have, in a few instances, made use of such light Digressions, as I thought might present, to the Imagination of the Reader, an enter-

taining or agreeable Prospect, while they do not either retard the Conviction of Reason, or divert the Attention from the general Tenour of the Discourse.

Medical Remarks, &c.

To T. F. Esq.

I DO not know what Sort of Account you expect from me, of my Visit to the Lady L***'s Country Seat, but was I to give you so full a one respecting the Manner in which I passed my Time there, as you request me, I am inclined to think I should weary you. The Amusements of Feasting, Hunting, Dancing, however agreeable to them who form a Party, afford but a very indifferent Entertainment in Recital, and Descriptions of the finest Palaces, Woods, and Pleasure Grounds, are nothing to be compared to their Enjoyment.

But though I say nothing of her Ladyship's House and Gardens, I shall not be so silent concerning herself. Philosopher as you are, I am much mistaken if she cannot afford a Subject worthy your Attention, tho' they may not. I can assure you they must have a strange Taste indeed, who are not pleased with her, since to see and admire her is the same; and, if her Person is so agreeable her Company is truly enchanting. She seems particularly formed for Gaiety, yet I have thought her Conversation sometimes allied to Learning and Philosophy. Some serious Discourses I have had with her, and those as near as I can remember, I have sent you; tho', in many instances, I fear her Wit has suffered considerably by this second-hand Conveyance. The same Subject, you will remember, has been more than once canvassed between ourselves. This furnished me with one Reason for troubling you with the following Conversations; another I drew from an Idea that the Subject itself could not be wholly uninteresting to any Man, who to your Information joins your Philanthropy.

Discourse the First.

A DAY or Two after my Arrival at the Seat of the Lady L***, we went one Evening after Tea, to take a Walk in the Garden. The Season was Spring, and the Weather delightful. The Air received a rich Perfume from the numberless Flowers we saw around us, which seemed to vie with each other, in the Richness of their Tints, and the Fragrance of their Blossoms. Nor was the Eye less agreeably entertained by the more distant Prospect, were waving Woods, verdant Fields, and whitened Cottages, made a most charming Contrast, forming a Scene that could not fail to please the most indifferent Eye. Well, Madam, *says I*, to the Lady, is not the Country as pleasant as the Town? The Town, *says she*, is like a Fairy's Palace, or an Enchanter's Castle, where every Thing astonishes our Senses, and dazzles our Sight; but the Country more resembles a Wood Nymph's Grotto, in which we see Neatness without Art, and a delicate Simplicity; The former gratifies our Taste, but the latter engages our Affection. 'Tis on this Account, *replied I*, that the latter is so much prefer'd by Lovers, its Simplicity corresponds with the pure Effusions of Truth, while its Delicacy inspires an Ardour of Passion. But your Lovers, *says she*, are fond of the Country, because it indulges them in their beloved Indolence, and affords them leisure for composing tender Verses; now I love it because I can discover a Taste so exquisite in the Manner, Nature mingles her Colours, and sheds her Perfumes. Nay, *said I*, think not that the Lover quite overlooks these; if he did not admire the Rose, and the Lily, he would hardly compare the Complexion of his Mistress, to their Colours, or her Breath, to their Odours. Still however, *says she*, with some warmth, Lovers have a Selfishness in their Admiration, which I have not: They would not say a Syllable of the Beauties of Nature, were it not to set off those of which they have a far higher Opinion, while, for my Part, I have no such Design. I understand you, Madam, *answered I*, you admire the Flower enamelled Carpet under your Feet, because you think the finest of those from Turkey, cannot equal its Richness of Colouring; you admire the Tree form'd Bower over your Head, because its Blossoms make a Canopy more beautiful by far than any Asiatic Luxury can boast. Yes, *says she*, and I have other Reasons also, I admire that Covering above us, because its Fertility so often pleases our Taste, and this Ground on which we tread, because its Produce so often relieves our Pain.

How do you mean? *says I*, not at first comprehending her. Perhaps, *replied she*, if I tell you, you may laugh at me, but I have a strange Fancy, that Nature had some other Design in creating all this Variety of Herbage, besides that merely of pleasing our Sight, and as where one Folly ends, another generally begins, I have sometimes thought, that did we but rightly understand the Mysteries of Creation, we might find perhaps in its immense Garden, Remedies for all the various Disorders to which our Frames are liable. If you call such Sort of Fancies a Folly, *says I*, I wish none of our celebrated Philosophers had fallen into greater, I am much mistaken, if it would not have been better for them: but what, I wonder, can have put you on this solid way of thinking? I know not, *said she*, but methinks it might afford one a Diversion pleasant enough, to be employed in examining each Herb's particular Virtues. A Diversion, Madam! *says I*, 'twould be a very different Diversion to the seeing an Opera, or hearing a Concert, nor can I easily believe you would well relish it. Such a Diversion must be the offspring of Labour, not the Child of Ease. And why not relish it, *demanded she*, do you think Women have no Capacity but for Levities? Quite the contrary, *replied I*, I think the Fair Sex have much the best Half of what little Wit there is in the World, tho' still I persuade myself, they may display it better in selecting the Flower for a Chaplet, or a Nosegay, than in analyzing the Herb itself. Why so, *says she*, do you think us incapable of the latter?

But who can talk Philosophy in the Company of a beautiful Woman. Certainly that's no Time for such a Subject; at least not in my Opinion, and so I endeavoured to evade the Question. Her elegant Air and agreeable Figure engross'd my whole Attention, and I longed to turn the Conversation accordingly. But her Ladyship found other Business for me, She seemed to slight her own Charms on Purpose as it were to balk me, and continuing the former Discourse, I find, *says she*, if I would see my Sex treated with due Honour, I must refer to the Wits of Antiquity; their great and comprehensive Geniuses did it every Justice, whereas you, who call yourselves Wits in the present Age, have Minds so exceeding narrow, and prejudiced, that your Jealousy is an Overmatch for your Justice. You, for Instance, smile at me, for even thinking of any Thing appertaining to natural Philosophy, yet Tasso could say of Erminia.

"*Taught by her Mother's Skill the Virgin knew,*
"*The secret Pow'r of every Herb that grew.*
"*She knew the Force of every mystic Strain,*
"*To close the Wound, and ease the throbbing Pain.*"

But Tasso is not the only Poet that represents the fair Sex intelligent on this Subject. There are others who have not hesitated to do the same. Why should they? *replied I*, Poets have a Licence for any Thing. They are a Sort of Enchanters that change at Pleasure, the ordinary Course of Nature, and could we but make them prove good their Words, we should have not only vague Ideas of *all powerful* Herbs, but should in Reality know them. Why do we not know them already? *said she*, If we do, *said I*, the News is so late that I have not yet heard it. Yet they are known certainly, *replied she*, or whence do such Medicines as the *Vegetable Balsam*, or the *Botanical Syrup*, derive their exalted Virtues? What Virtues, *says I*, looking earnestly at her, what Virtues do you mean?

Surely, *says she*, your Question cannot be intended seriously, what other Virtues should I mean than those of proving Remedies for so many Diseases? Truly, *replied I*, I am almost ashamed to say how much your Ladyship has the Advantage of me, your Faith is far too nimble for mine to keep Pace with. The Frame which Nature has given us, appears to me rather too complicate for the various Disorders into which it may fall, to be so easily repaired, nor do I think they will profess so much who understand any Thing of the astonishing Order with which She conducts her secret Operations; and certainly they, who know not her Designs, cannot promote their Advancement. But what Occasion, *demanded she*, have we to concern ourselves with the secret Operations of Nature, if, by the Exhibition of a simple Medicine, we can direct or terminate them as we please? Methinks we may well spare ourselves that Trouble. This Sort of Reasoning, *answered I*, may do very well for a Lady, but it will by no Means satisfy a medical Philosopher, who, the more intricate the Subject of his Inquiries happens to be, is the more curious in his Observation, and more interested about thoroughly investigating it. Indeed he has Reason to be concern'd at what need not in the least trouble you. Nor will this surprise you, when you consider that the World is like a Theatre, where Representations of different Kinds are daily performing, and in which the People present are actuated by very contrary motives; some content themselves with a superficial View of the Scenes presented to their Sight, and some are more deeply employ'd in Remarks on the Actors. You are among the former, and confine your Attention to the Effects of the Performance, and the external Movement of the Scenery; but the

Physician is more like a Critic in the Pit, and interests himself about the Cause producing that Effect, and the internal Movement of the Actors. Let us imagine you in Company with some of the ancient medical Sages, the *Hippocrateses*, the *Boerhaaves*, and the *Hoffmans*, who have all been very famous in their Time, were Witness to those Scenes in *Hamlet*, where *Ophelia* acts so distracted a Part; you think it quite sufficient to say on the Occasion, that *Ophelia* has lost her Wits, because she is disappointed in Love; but this is not enough for scientific Men we suppose with you, they are particular, and must find out some better Reasons. Consequently each of them, presently, sets about framing the best Explanation he is able. One says, *Ophelia* is seized with an Inflammation of the Brain, by Reason of too great an Afflux of Blood into its Vessels; another is of Opinion, that the Mischief arises from a peculiar Debility of that Organ; and a third thinks it owing to an irregular Distribution of the nervous Fluid; a fourth, however, acquieses in none of these Notions, but tells you, that Nature causes the Disorder in the Head, with a favourable Design to benefit the Constitution thereby, by keeping off a worse Attack from some other Part, on which Account he may think worth while, perhaps, to congratulate the Lady's Friends on her Malady. 'Tis an odd Subject for Compliment, methinks, *says my fair Companion*, it puts me in Mind of some enthusiastic People I have heard of, who, on a Person's being overtaken by Misfortune, come with such Exclamation as this, *Courage, Courage, my Friend, you are lucky in these Calamities, they are a Proof that Heaven intends you some good.* For my Part, I wish none such Proofs of its good Intention.

I do not doubt, *says I*, but you would be much better pleased with such as might draw forth the Exclamations of Lovers. Talk not of Lovers, *says she*, I have no Ears for them now. I am not so well contented to leave the physical Sages in such Uncertainty. If you wait for their coming to one Mind among themselves, *replied I*, you will soon lose your Patience, I fear; they are all somewhat like the presumptuous King of *Aragon*, and think of the System of each other as he did of that of the Universe, namely, *that had he only been consulted, it would have been framed much better.*

But why, *demands she*, is it necessary to form these Systems, as you call them, in Order to cure a Love-sick Madness, or an ordinary Fever? To illustrate myself by a common Comparison, *answered I*, the Mechanic, before he employs himself about the Reparation of the most simple Piece of Mechanism, finds it necessary to study the Principle on which it is made to act, and the motion of those Wheels which are out of Sight. To explain this better, we will suppose you had in your Possession, an Image of which the Construction is so wonderful, that it can move like an Opera Dancer, and play on a Flute to Admiration. One may readily imagine you would be well pleased with your Performer, and often call for a Display of his Abilities. But, behold! while in the full Exercise of all his Faculties to entertain you, the Flute suddenly falls from his Hands, his Limbs entirely fail him, and like Niobe, he seems changed into a motionless Stone. You are amazed, you are grieved, you call for your

Friends: They all agree something must be the Matter, yet cannot tell what, and advise you to send for some skilful Artificers, and have their Opinion. They come, and presently you demand the Reason of this strange Change in your Image. But stop a little; these Men, 'tis true, have taken infinite Pains to perfect themselves in the Geometry of Motion, in the Investigation of all mechanical Laws; but here they find a Piece of Mechanism so complicate, so curious in the Disposition of its Wheels and Springs, that they cannot immediately determine on what its Movements depended, or from what Cause they have ceased. One supposes a certain Spring to be broken, and another believes such a Wheel to be clogged, but they are cautious of saying too much on the Subject, or of acting too boldly; judging it best to be careful in their Proceedings on so nice a Point, and to begin by first urging one Wheel, and then another: endeavouring to discover, by these Means, in what Part of the Machine the Error lies. I comprehend you very well, *says the Lady*, by this intricate Piece of Workmanship, you would represent the natural System of a reasonable Being, and by the Mechanics, the medical Sages we spoke of before. You conjecture rightly, Madam, *replied I*, but to proceed with our Comparison, suppose while you are in the utmost Trouble, and Uncertainty, respecting the Fate of your Image, and the Artificers seem yet undecied, an Adventurer, who knows nothing of the Laws of Mechanism, and of whose Talents you never before heard, should come, and, shewing a Phial, bid you afflict yourself no longer. You ask why so, and he tells you he has had the good Fortune, after long Labour, and indefatigable Study, to discover a certain

Chymical Oil, which is a sovereign Remedy for all Disorder in Mechanism, and will infallibly set your Image to Right again: He assures you, that of whatever Nature may be the Injury it has sustained, you will have only to apply the Oil, as he shall direct, and instantly your Musician shall recommence his Performance. You, who have a strong Desire to see this Event take Place, do not stand much on Intreaty, before you admit the Application. Soon disappointed, however, in your high Expectations, and having given Credit to the Adventurer, without duly weighing Consequences, and merely because he promised exactly what you wish'd; you are astonished to be informed that this Oil, far from producing the Effect its Vender promised, may very likely spoil the whole Machine by clogging its Wheels and interrupting its Movements. And now, *continued I*, if this imaginary Piece of Mechanism represents the human Fabric, and in Order to be enabled to repair its Injuries, it is so necessary to know the Principle on which its Functions depend, and by which its Action is regulated, does it not strike you that it must be just as necessary for them who profess to remove the Diseases of the human Constitution, to have a proper Knowledge of its internal Operation also? The Adventurer, who, without the least Attention to the Laws by which Mechanism is regulated, pretends his *chymical Oil* can restore the regular Motions of your Image, is the true Representative of the *Emperic*, who, against all the Rules of Reason, and of Nature, advertises a *Nostrum*, which he asserts a Cure for the most desperate Diseases. Such a Nostrum is the *Vegetable Balsam*, the *Botanical Syrup*, the *Persian Drop*, the *Reanimating Tincture*, and almost all on the long List of published Compounds.

Still, *says she*, I must own, I have a good Disposition to these People, they seem so generous to their Friends, and Fellow Citizens. Comfort lies on every Side. Who need wake to Fear? Need they who return from the farthest India, with the worst Diseases of warm Climates?—No.—Need they, stiffened almost into Statues, by the bad Effects of cold ones?—No.—Needs the Victim of Hardship, or the Votary of Dissipation?—No.—No.—On this Side, we see one Genius, which commands the whole *Nervous System*. On that, another, which has in Subjection all the Disorders of the *Solids*. Here he whose *infallible Drop* can cure all the Plagues of *Africa*, and there whose *miraculous Pill* can remove all the Pains of Europe.

Troth, Madam, *replied I*, you paint our Country like one of those fabled Islands, where the most powerful Enchanters reign, where the Sun Shine is eternal, and the Air never tainted with the Effluvia of Disease. How is it, pray, we have any Cemeteries? how is it we have any Tomb Stones? Put me not in Mind of them, *exclaims she*, I am sure I would there were no such Things. I know, *says I*, they are sore Subjects for the Contemplation of a Beauty, but is it not better to deal honestly by our Reason, than to flatter our Fancy. Give me Leave to explain myself by an Allegory. If the Tulips in one of your Borders were able to converse together, and one of them should address the other thus. *My Friends you are all sensible how pleasant it is to enjoy the Bloom of the Seasons in unfading Vigour. But, alas! how different is our unhappy Lot, after a little while we shall droop, and* *wither away. Now this can be the Fault of our Gardener only, he preserves our Beauty and Strength for a Time, but he knows not how to continue them. He must be therefore unskilful in the Duties of his Office, and our Decay cannot come but from his Want of Abilities. Let us obey such a Protector no longer: Make me your Gardener, and I promise you an eternal Bloom. I have a secret Manure which will make your Flowers last for ever.* The Tulips, upon this, very gladly receive their new Gardener, and expect to bloom amid all the Rigours of Winter, by Aid of his Culture. But Winter comes, and they decay. In short, having lost the attentive Regard of their former Friend, they often wither immaturely, and in no Case prolong the Season of their flowering. After having had Experience of this for a Time, one might expect greater Wisdom from them afterwards, but their Weakness continues still the same, they again listen to some such false Counsellor as the former; and remain infatuated with the Idea of perpetual Beauty. You smile at the Conduct of the Tulips, and call them silly, because they do not see the Gardener as their best Friend, and the most likely to preserve them against the severe Attacks of Winter, tho' not his Power even can preserve their Beauty thro' it. Certainly, *says she*, if they had our Reason and Foresight, they would act very differently. And yet, *replied I*, though they do not possess these Faculties, their is as much Consistency in this Conduct of theirs as we find in that of many, who flatter themselves they possess them to Perfection. The Sickness of human Life resembles the drooping of the Tulip, and there are they whose Business it is to supply to the former the same Assistance as the Gardener does to the latter; but how often do we see their valuable Attentions disregarded, and a Preference given to the false Professions of those despicable Dealers in Quackery; who spread the same false Expectations and vain Pursuits among Mankind as the knavish Adviser did among the Tulips! Yet ought we, who know so little of ourselves, in any one Respect, to presume, on any Account, to act in Opposition to them, who have made our Constitution their constant Study? Is this the best Proof we give of our Reason, to show, and that on the most important Occation, that our strongest Attachment is to Folly?

But methinks, *says the Lady*, your Outcry against this Folly, as you are pleased to call it, is a little too great. Nor do we so exactly resemble the Tulips, whose System of living is so uniformly inactive, that to vegitate, and die, is all they can be said to do; they have neither Poets, nor Philosophers, neither new Amusements, nor new Fashions. But with us it is very different, we are ever changing, and ever making some fresh Discovery. It is not many Years since a new Planet was discovered, and though you may observe, perhaps, that none can bring to light new Planets, but complete Astronomers; the same Objection by no Means holds good in Respect to the Subject of our Conversation; for tho' 'tis the Fate of only such a Genius as Columbus to find a new World, yet any Navigator sailing carelessly along, may fall by Accident, as it were, on a new Island; and while we hear so repeatedly the Cry of *a new Island, a new Island*, why may we not sometimes hear that also of *a new Remedy, a new Remedy?*

What, *says I*, do you compare the Discoveries of simple Navigation, with the Inventions of refined Science? In newly navigated Seas, new Islands may readily be met with. The Winds and Seas often drive Navigators on them, without any Foresight of their own, as they did *Alexander Selkirk* to *Juan Fernandez*. But in the Art of Medicine we have not the Fortune of such accidental Discoveries, except in the Page of Romance, for we cannot consider in any other than a romantic Light, such Stories as that of *Friar Bacon*, about the *Sicilian Plowman*, who by drinking right heartily of a yellowish Stream, he found by some Chance or other, became at once young again and enjoyed a second Youth. Such rediculous Tales might have deluded formerly, in the early Ages of gothic Darkness, but the Rise of Science was like the breaking of a Charm: It appeared, and the obscure Clouds of gross Ignorance and visionary Tradition were seen no longer. For though the thick Maze which quite concealed it before, still in some Measure obscured its Brightness, like the glorious Luminary of the Heavens, it unfolded by Degrees all its Majesty, becoming more and more transcendent, till it attained its meridian Height. This is a Point beyond which the Wit of Man finds it difficult to pass, and is that at which the Science of Physic seems now to stand. Human Genius has been nearly exhausted, in arriving so far, and every Step taken farther on, requires still more Firmness, and Ability; requires not only all the Knowledge acquired before our Time, but a bold and enterprising Genius. A Man may acquire all this Knowledge, and possess this Genius, and yet make no advance. The Task of Discovery here, is reserved for the few and peculiar Favourites of Fortune, for those Luminaries of Mankind, that appear once or so in an Age. Ages have flowed without producing any such. They are like Comets at the Birth of which all Nature seems strained, and which fill us with Awe, and Amazement. Do we make those Reflections, though but for a Moment, we shall view with deserved Contempt, all the long List of *Nostrums*, those pretended new Discoveries in Physic, with which every Paper is filled. We shall consider them as only Chimeras, and it so happens, that every Science has these attached to it, which weak Men perpetually persue without ever being able to overtake. Chymistry has its *Philosophers Stone.* Geometry its *Quadrature* of the *Circle*, Astronomy its *Longitude*, Mechanics its *perpetual Motion*, and Physic its *universal Medicine.* Of all these Chimeras, it has been the Fate of the first, and the last, to make more Fools, perhaps, than the Rest put together. If your Ladyship should ever happen to take a Journey to the Moon, as *Astolfo*, is said, to have done, you will find in a Valley there, according to *Ariosto's* Account, among many other Things lost on Earth, such as the *Sighs of Lovers*, the *Alms given after Death*, *Fame*, and *Hopes, the Time Men spend in searching for the Philosophers Stone:* and I am much inclined to think you might meet with in the same Place, 'though *Ariosto* does not not directly tell us that *Astolfo* saw it,) *the Time also Men spend in searching for the universal Medicine;* and if so, what an immense Heap of lost Time does the Moon contain since to it must be added all that spent in Reliance, on *empirical Promises*, and on *advertised Nostrums*, on every *imperial Drop*, and on every *infallible Compound.*

Not quite so fast, *cries her Ladyship*, your Impetuosity confounds me: I can demonstrate that you reproach this Sort of Remedies very injustly, and that Instances may be given of their having done the most surprising Cures. Who denies it? *says I*. Nay, *says she*, I can prove it, if you like. 'Tis no Matter, *replied I*, 'twould be surprising enough certainly, but I have heard of a Man, who was saved from the Grave by the Stab of a Rapier, which entering the Breast seasonably opened an Impostume in it which might otherwise have killed him and yet internal penetrating wounds with a small sword, are not less mortal for one such Escape. 'Tis insufferable you should banter me thus, *exclaims she*. I will be as serious as you please. Madam, *says I*. Tell me then, *said she*, do you think these imperical Practioners of Physic would meet with so much Encouragement, if altogether so stupidly ignorant as you represent them, or would be so generally credited, if so wholly fallacious? It is not in every Case, *replied I*, that the Encouragement given to an Individual, or to a Party, proceeds from the Virtue, or the Merit, display'd, by either: there is another Source which may give Rise to it, and that is the Folly, or Weakness, of the Supporters themselves. To determine which of these is the true Cause, it is necessary to know, whether in the latter there be not some predominant Characteristic, which may on certain Occasions prejudice their Actions. Now it so falls out, that most Men have these, and Nations, as well as Individuals, are biassed by particular ones; it often happening that these are formed, not because they are themselves amiable, or wise; but because their Followers are fanciful or weak. To convince ourselves of this Truth, we have only to observe the Features, most remarkable, in the Character of the different Nations of the Earth. One might do this very easily, could we but see the World in Miniature; and I wish for your Ladyship's Sake, I could borrow a Moment, the Power of some Enchanter, to make such an Appearance rise before you. Provided you could, *replied she*, you might save yourself the Trouble of such an extraordinary Exertion. My Imagination is as powerful, as the Wand of any Enchanter, and I have only to fancy it, to see every Thing you would wish me. I can easily pourtray to my mind, stately Cities, and cultivated Lands, giving Place, in Turn, to miserable Huts, scattered Seas, and frightful Deserts: I can seem to see various complexions, different Dresses, and different Manners: Men riding on Elephants, and Carriages drawn by Rein Deer: Savages drest in Skins of wild Beasts and Women who go half naked, who die various Parts of their Bodies frightful Colours, and wear Rings in their Noses: Men of all Statures, of all Occupations, some fighting with Bows and Arrows, some with long Poles, some hunting wild Beasts with Spears, some serenading their Mistresses, and some trudging on Pilgrimage. Here I can imagine Hills eternally covered with Snow, and there Vallies filled with Fruit Trees. In short nothing is hidden from me.

Very well, *says I*, and now could we but see the Picture as you delineate it, we might divert ourselves very well for a short Time, by looking on, and observing those prominent Traits of Character, which form the distinguishing peculiarities of different Nations. First we might see the People of *China* bowing to

Images, and treating carved Pieces of Wood and Stone, with all that Reverence due only to a superior Being, consequently their reigning Characteristic is IDOLATRY: next the wandering Hordes of *Tartary* living on Horse Flesh, selling their Daughters to the *Turks*, and abandoning their Parents, when old and infirm: here we behold the Portrait of BARBARITY. After these come some Tribes of *Indians*, devoting themselves to a Life of Pain and Mortification, from Motives of Religion, in them we see SUPERSTITION: then the Turks bartering every Thing for Gold, and buying and selling even Justice herself: could AVARICE appear in more glaring Colours? next the Spaniard taken up in Contemplation of his own self Importance, and showing the Triumph of PRIDE: then the Italians falling on their Enemies unexpectedly, and stabbing them in the Dark: on them we write REVENGE: and lastly the Englishman paying Court to Imposters, the Outcast of every other Nation, as well as those of his own, placing implicit Confidence in every Thing they tell him, and drenching himself and Family with Poison, if it bear but the Name of an *imperial Antidote*: here we view all the Extravagance of CREDULITY.

You are too severe, *says the Lady*, on your Countrymen, you make them the greatest Fools of all the World, which People will never believe. I should not be the first to wonder if they did not, *replied I*, for who would imagine a Character so strangely inconsistent, as an Englishman is. So remarkable for the strength of his Intellect, so capable of piercing the profoundest Things, yet so singular for his Weakness in being duped by the most shallow: so firm against

Foes, so fearless, so immoveable, but so unguarded against Knaves, so simple, so credulous: so grand, so dignified in his Counsel, but so mean, so rediculous in he Choice of his Counsellors: so respectable, so admirable in all other Countries, but so trifling, so rediculous in his own: now swaying all the Armies of Europe, now sway'd himself by a Mountebank: now bringing to Light Machinations the deepest laid, now deceived by the most trifling Artifice, so learned, so wise with Respect to the Nature of all Things round him, but so uninformed, so ignorant, with Respect to the Nature of his own Frame and Constitution. No, No, the People of foreign Countries are too ill instructed in Regard to what concerns us, to believe all this of us, and our own People at Home, are for the most Part, too proud of their good Qualities to consider their bad ones.

Certainly, *says she*, you are like a Painter who has a Spite against the Person, whose Portrait he draws, and therefore distorts some Feature, so you have at Heart Malice to your Countrymen, and gratify it by disfiguring their Characters, till they become Objects of Redicule. Pardon me, *replied I*, according to my Opinion, they have natural Follies enough to excite my Laughter, without adding those which may not belong to them. You are the first I ever heard say so, *remarked she*, neither do I admire that Custom of laughing in Compliment to one's own Fancy, it often savours in my Idea, rather of Madness, than Wisdom. I have somewhere read of a Man who used to sit the whole Day in the empty Theatre laughing, shouting, and clapping his Hands, as if he had really seen some entertaining Comedy acted to the Life, when indeed all was no more than the Strength of Imagination, he might have perhaps a very happy Time of it from indulging this Delusion, and yet I by no Means wish his Situation, methinks this Humour of yours is somewhat the same. Nay, *said I*, mine is not so entirely the Delusion of Imagination neither, of which I can soon convince you. I do not wish to be convinced of any such Thing, *answered she smartly*, I would rather be a common Fool with the Rest of the World, than have an Ocean of Wisdom by myself. The Philosopher of *Abdera*, who laughed at every Body, appears to me none so enviable a Picture, and I think you are a little like him. It would grieve me much, *said I*, to be thought to have *Democritus's* Humour of making every Thing an Object of Ridicule, since I only smile with *Plutarch*, when he speaks of the Men, who, on being necessiated to change their Country, or export their Merchandise, make Choice of such Vessels only, as are called the *Suresail*, the *Invincible*, or the *Fortunate*, without knowing any Thing about their real Strength, or State; and think how amazingly they resemble my own dear Countrymen, who when they have to get rid of a Disease, or recruit a Constitution, have immediate Recourse to such Medicines, as are called by some such attractive Title as the *unprecedented Restorative*, or the *amazing Strengthener*, tho' nobody knows any Good of either. But think not that I am the only Person in the World, who indulges in this laughing Humour, and makes so merry at these credulous Habits of my Neighbours and Friends, if you will but cross the Strait which divides *Dover* and *Calais*, you will see a People among whom this Custom is very common. We are not very fond, I believe, of considering the French wiser than Ourselves, yet nothing is more true than that they sometimes take the Liberty to smile at us, nay, would you believe it, they have even got one of our Countrymen put into a Comedy, to amuse themselves at the Ease, with which he is represented becoming Dupe to a miserable Empiric, and Monsieur the *L' Abbe' de Blanc* advises the grand *Thomas*, a Tooth Drawer at *Paris*, to quit *Pont Neuf* would he make his Fortune, and set up at *Charing Cross*; where he describes our *London* Cocknies, as simple credulous People who are readily taken up with any Man who displays a fine Hat and brilliant Feather, at the same Time that he practises the coarsest Mob attractive Arts. Thus you see he gives much the same Account of us English, as Navigators do of the barbarian Nations they discover in distant Islands, who are at any Time easily entrapped by a glittering Bead, and showing Vestment.

At this Moment our entering a little chinese Temple, which stood on a Mount before us, interrupted for a short Time, our Discourse. As the Lady *L**** had on a former Occasion confessed the Design her own; Politeness demanded some Attention to be paid thereto. This Business being over the fair Lady placed herself on a Seat within the Structure, and inviting me to do the same, I thus continued the Conversation.

The smallest Observation, Madam, will convince us of the Impossibility of judging aright of Things, without having previously had a closer Acquaintance there-with than that which external Appearance alone can furnish to us. Observe those two Paintings which hang opposite, now if any one should undertake to judge concerning their different Value, who had no Knowledge in the graphic Art, it is probable that Liveliness so conspicuous in one, might cause them to overlook the Chastity of Design, and Regularity of Expression, which gives such an instrinsic Worth to the other. There are many more Things in the World, concerning which the Judgement of the Multitude, may err as widely as in the Science of Painting: but in Physic the Error may be more wide even while it is just as easily, or perhaps more easily made. Yet would not you and all the World beside agree in calling him a Madman, who should run about from City to City, to purchase Pictures, at the Expence of his Fortune, depending solely on their Colours, their Names, or the Commendation of their Painters; but when another squandering his Health, as this Man might do his Riches, swallows Poisons because they have a fine Title, or gilded Outside, you pass the Circumstance over in Silence, because in censuring it, you would appear to satarize rather a favourite Custom of your whole Country, than of one particular Individual. If disposed to Severity then, you blame very highly the Man who gives a single Guinea to the Alchymist, but on no Account him that gives his Constitution to the Empiric: if you would laugh, you make her the Object of your Ridicule who like the poor Woman Erasmus mentions, mistakes counterfeit Stones for real and valuable Jewels, and buys painted Glass for Rubies, but by no Means her, who, being sick of a dangerous Disease, purchases some Quack's mischievous Nostrum, and persuades herself she has got a certain Antidote. No one will affect to say that the Dream of the Beggar, in *Lucian*, who, in his Sleep, fancied himself a Prince, was any other than a momentary Delusion, and such as he must have been mad, to have indulged awake; yet was the Delusion of that Man, either more rational, or much more durable, who on being brought to the Point of Death, by an incurable Disease, suddenly sent for his Architect and Gardener, and drew out the Plan of a new House, with adjacent Pleasure Grounds, that would require ten Years to accomplish, which Humour in a dying Man his Friends expressing some Surprise at, he told them that he considered himself as already recovered, having heard of the infallible Efficacy of Dr. R's *Restorative Compound.*

Well, *says the Lady*, one must own however that it is no trifling Acquisition, to surmount even the Fear of Death, when so near thereto; a thousand Volumes of Religion, and Philosophy, have been written for this Purpose, and yet not all put together, have ever done so much to this Effect, as that single Nostrum you seem to treat so contemptuously. In good Faith, Madam, *replied I*, smiling at her Fancy, if a Man were to believe all the fine Stories these artful Pretenders tell him of their Remedies, he might be for indulging Paracelsus's Dream of Immortality, for let him be in ever so dangerous a State, some one will be at Hand with whom he may have such a Conference as the following.—

Alas, Doctor, we are in woeful Plight here, but having heard of your Fame, Hope is a little revived. Look at this wretched Object here, a cruel Disorder has reduced me to the present Condition, in which I daily expected to meet my End. What think you of me, Pray? My *Drop*, presently answers the Doctor, will cure you.—But observe the Difficulty with which I respire, this emaciated Form that cannot support itself, this fluttering Pulse, this ghastly Look of Death.—Never fear, *cries the Doctor*, all these Symptoms will prove but Trifles, before the Influence of my *Drop*, which will soon recover you.—Wonderful Drop indeed! but what Price must we give to purchase this Medicine of Value so inestimable? Haste and tell us how you rate it.—You have no Reason to be uneasy on that Account, *replies he*, I vend my Drop at ten Shillings only a Bottle.—Nay, Doctor, in this Case do not trifle, I beseech you, we well know you must estimate at a Value infinitely higher, the Drop that can do such Wonders. Now after the Doctor had assured him the Price was no more, might he not with Reason exclaim? What sell at ten shillings a Bottle, the Drop which can cure the Diseases you promise, and cheer Despair itself, in raising from the very Grave, those in Situations the most hopeless. We often give large Sums for an Estate, a House, or an Equipage, but the Difference between any of these, and Life, is too great to admit of Comparison; for which of them is it, we would not part with ten times over, in Preference to our Existence? How is it then, good Doctor, you sell at so contemptible a Price, the only Elixer which, according to your Account, can prolong that Existence, when it must otherwise end? Alas Sir, the very mean Rate at which you yourself estimate this Antidote, cannot but diminish our Idea of its real Value, and I think the Reproaches, *Isocratus*, in one of his Discourses, gave to the Teachers of his Age, not inapplicable to you. "*They make the most magnificent Promises to their Scholars*, says he, *they undertake to instruct them to be happy, to be just and to be wise, and in Return for Services so very great, they stipulate only the paltry Reward of five Minæ. They who teach Wisdom*, says the Philosopher, *ought certainly to be wise themselves, but if any Person were to sell such a Bargain, for such a Price, he would be convicted of the most evident Folly.*" Now you, Doctor, promise to confer Health, on much the same Terms as these Teachers did Wisdom and Happiness, and since the first is full as valuable as the latter the same Address must be just as applicable to you, as to them.

Well, Madam, *says I*, how do you like the Conference we have had with the Doctor of such astonishing Abilities? Not at all, *replied she*, you have treated him much in the same Manner, as Showmen treat their Puppets. In the first Place, you oblige him to appear, as it were, just to your Call, then to repeat whatever Speeches you may put into his Mouth, and after he has so far served your Purpose, you march him off without farther Ceremony. Why what could he have said more to the Purpose, *demanded I*, or what more proper Reply could I have made to him? We are not all like the Milesian Virgins, *says she*, who voluntarily killed themselves, to get rid of a troublesome World; nor did I ever hear that any one of our Cities, have sought such Poison, as was kept by the Magistrates of *Marseilles;* a Dose of which was allowed to any Person who could show a Reason, why he should desire Death; for notwithstanding all the Pains Philosophers have taken, to make us think Life of little Value, we seem but to love it the better, the more they Say against it. Can any Thing be more natural then, than that we should be fond of listening to People who flatter us out of our Fear of Death, by pretending to cure all the Infirmities which occasion it. I have heard of a Set of Barbarians who make their Living on some Sea Coast, by selling to the Travellers who set Sail from it, fair Winds, and prosperous Voyages; arrogating to themselves that Power: now what Traveller would not be willing enough to deal with them, even tho' he might not believe in his Heart, they had all the Influence they pretend to over such unruly Elements? They are but few, I dare say, *replied I,* who would not be glad to have such an Opportunity, of securing themselves, against the Apprehension of Rocks, and Tempests, especially if they had many Leagues to navigate; for we are all naturally like the rich Churl in *Senica,* who tho' he was so weak, that he could scarce walk upright, yet thought he might venture to accept a Challenge to a Duel, because he kept at Home some sturdy Servants, whose Strength he relied on, instead of his own. Nor is our Folly less ridiculous, the Moment we meet with Objects of Confidence, that are flattering to our Senses, we persuade ourselves, they are justly entitled to our Trust. Men are led into this Error, from living so much by Credit on the Understandings of others, that they seldom bring their own into use.

Thus they invite Imposition, for implicit Confidence is in its Effects like excessive Love, the latter changes the very Deformities of the Woman into Beauties; and the former gives the Deceit of the Impostor, the very Semblance of Worth and Merit.

Suppose you were in the Streets of London, and happened accidently, to throw your Eyes on one of the Medicine Warehouses, where you see Advertisements of fifty wonderful Nostrums, that are represented to be Remedies for almost every Disease. You upon this ask a Cockney, if he believes those Nostrums to be in Reality so efficacious as here described. He boldly answers, Yes; for says he I read in the Papers daily Accounts of the Cures they effect, which are some of them really astonishing. It may be true, *you reply*, that he reads of some Cases in which they succeed, but that he is not on that Account a better Judge, because nobody gives him an Account of those People they destroy; that they might form a Bridge over which a few passed, while fifty Times their Number fell into the River, and were lost. All this has no Effect, my Cockney still maintains the Nostrums to be infallible; because 'tis a Novelty for him to doubt the Reality of any Thing he hears, or sees, and whatever appears a little astonishing is particularly acceptable to his Credulity.

The Lady *L**** was going to make some Reply, when the unexpected Entrance of some Visitors, put an End to our Conversation on this Subject, for the present Opportunity; and, in a short Time after, we returned, with the Company, back to the House.

Discourse the Second.

SEVERAL Days had now succeeded the preceding Conversation, nor had I sought since to renew the Subject, when one Morning, immediately after some Friends had left her, the Lady *L**** came running to me. I little suspected, *said she*, when a short Time since, you spoke so much against Designers, that you had yourself a Design on me. I assure you, Madam, *replied I*, I suspected it as little myself, but of what Design do you speak. Of that you had nearly succeeded in, of imposing on my Reason, *answered she.* He must be bold, *says I*, who would attempt such a Task, and when you would persuade me of the Possibility of succeeding in it, methinks you have some Design to impose on mine. Nay, *says she*, think not you will so readily put off my Reproaches; I do not know what brought your *London* Cockney into my Head, but so it was, that as one of the Ladies who are just now gone, was so obliging as to recommend a certain *Nostrum*, for my little ailing Niece, the Efficacy of which, she said, was confirmed by a thousand well attested Successes; I resolving not to be like him asked with all the Simplicity imaginable, whether its

Failures were well attested also. At this my Friends laughed very heartily, and insisted I could not be in Earnest, when I asked such a Question. My Assurances that I was so, weighed nothing with them, they had too great an Opinion of my Sense, to believe I could make such seriously: why therefore did you impose that on me for Reason, which Nobody else will take for such? And are you so easily affected by the Opinions of the Vulgar? *said I.* What *replied she*, do you call my Friends the Vulgar? It is much the same, *answered I*, with the well informed as with the fashionable, in Regard to the Distinctions they make: The latter will allow none to be otherwise than Vulgar, but them who act according to the reigning Mode of Taste and Politeness; while the former give that Title to all who do not conduct themselves in Compliance with the Dictates of Reason and Judgment. Well, *says the Lady*, but my Visitants do not want Wit, I assure you. They may have an Infinity of Wit, *replied I*, and still want Judgment; for the Characters of these two are very widely opposite. Wit, it has been observed, is remarkable for pointing at the Unfitness and Disproportion of Things, and may be the Product of a wild Imagination: but Judgment has a constant Regard to their Fitness and Proportion, and must be the Result of steady Thought. Nor is it uncommon to see them who have the largest Share of Wit, show at the same Time very little Judgment. Your Friends, I dare say, would never think of recommending you to trust your Diamonds to a Jeweller, unless he had given better Testimonials of his Ability, than a vulgar Report, or Newspaper Puff could furnish; yet nothing is more common, than for them to advise their Acquaintance, to confide their health to the Care of any unknown Pretender, who posts himself up as a Physician. They would be ashamed to let the World see the most specious Sharper, whose Prey is their Property outwit them; but they feel no Chagrin at shewing themselves deficient of sufficient Judgment to guard against the Designs of the Empiric, who is more fatal to Life than the most bloodthirsty Assassin.

But why, *demands she*, cannot they make their Wit subservient to the Purpose of preserving them from the latter, as well as the former Imposters; if the necessity be so strong as your Outcry represents it?

Because, *says I*, their Wit is of that superficial kind, which interesting itself about the present only, is altogether neglectful of the future. Consequently it does not retard them gratifying their ridiculous Passions by a Pursuit of those Things, which far from possessing any real inherent Good, are varnished over with a false and dazzling Lustre, and contain nothing answerable to their Appearances. Your Friends are deluded themselves by a glittering Outside, and laugh at you for not trusting to the same empty Object. *Anaxagoras* being asked where his Confidence lay, pointed to the Heavens; but ask them that Question, and they point to a Shadow.

Imagine an Indian who never saw a Theatre, nor ever heard of a Play, and who attributes every Thing the least surprising to *Enchantment*, as many of the uncivilized Nations do, suddenly transported into a

Box at *Covent Garden Theatre*, at the Performance of a *Pantomine*, in which *Harlequin* is introduced doing a thousand Wonders with his magic Wand; such as making Statues walk, and dead Men rise. All this is wonderfully pleasing to the Foreigner, he applauds the Action, little suspecting it to be artificial, and loudly expresses his Admiration of him whom he believes the Ehchanter. You on hearing him rave at this Rate, smile and ask if he really believe *Harlequin* to be so clever behind the Scenes, as he appears upon the Stage. On this he stares at you without answering, but on your proceeding to inform him, that this pretended Magician knows in Truth no more of Socery than yourself, and the Operations he sees take Place before him are not natural, but invented only to please the Eye, and amuse the Fancy; he thinks you mean to banter him and laughs in your Face. He knows nothing of theatrical Representation, and has a strong Idea of the strange Effects of Incantation; and when added to this he sees such astonishing Changes produced, he cannot tell how; he doubts not in his own Mind, of all this being brought about by the Interference of some superior Power. Your Friends are not unlike this fancied *Indian*, they are full as ignorant as he of the Subject on which they pass their Opinions, and from that very Ignorance suffer the same Delusion; mistaking idle Invention for real Truths, and fictious Exhibitions for important Reality.

Your strange Similitudes, *says she*, put me in mind of a Painter who draws fanciful and grotesque Figures of Men, which extravagantly distort the distinguishing

Features, and would then pass them off as striking Likenesses. But you said before quite enough against this sort of Delusion, and I would now ask you, how it comes to be so much the Mode, if really so inconsistent an one.

Consider Madam, *says I*, you do not chuse the Dress you wear for its Utility solely, or its Beauty, but rather because of the Semblance it bears to that of the fashionable and gay. Many form their Actions on the same Rule; not regulating them from any Sense of Rectitude or Propriety, but in Imitation of the Conduct of other People, whose Examples they follow. The three puritanical Brethren in the *Tale of the Tub*, were determined, at all Events, to have *Flame colour'd Sattin* for Linings, on the Mercer's saying. *An't please your Worships, My Lord C. and Sir J. W. had Linings out of this very Piece last Night; it takes wonderfully and I shall not have a Remnant left, enough to make my Wife a Pincushion by To-morrow at Ten o'Clock.* In like Manner Numbers amongst us are ready to purchase, let what will be the Consequence, the most mischievous *Nostrum* of the vilest Empiric, provided he can say with Mr. C—— of his Worm Cake. *May it please your Honours, my Lord Chief Baron and his Lordship the Bishop of —— have just had some of this very Worm Antidote for their Children; it is astonishingly successful, and praised every where.* Hence we may learn that any particular Practice becoming common, is no Proof of its Wisdom or Utility. Three fourths of Mankind copy after the other fourth, and the fourth which sets the

Example is, generally speaking, the least worthy to do it. It consists for the most Part of designing and unprincipled Character, who do not find it difficult to discover that a gross Ignorance, in the first Place, and a puerile Love of what is new and marvellous, in the second, prepare the Bulk of Mankind to be easily imposed upon by Things, whose only Recommendation is their novel and specious Exterior.

Indeed if your Ladyship would but consider the common Conduct of human Life, you would be surprised to find how little Reason has to do in forming its Opinions, and directing its Habits; and how much Ignorance and Prejudice. A very superficial Review of any Part of the History of Mankind will shew us this. But in the History of the earlier Ages we see the Picture more striking: at least it appears so to us, not so much because the present Rules of Life are more concordant with the right Use of Reason, than those in Vogue before our Time, but because they are of a different Kind; and while we are able to discover all the Inconsistency of the latter, from their having been practised by other People; that of the former does not strike us, because they relate to ourselves. For Fashion has just as much Influence on our Sentiments respecting the Conduct of Life, as on our Fancy appertaining to the Mode of Dress. We regard the Pictures of our Grandfathers drest in their most costly Habits, as rude and unpolish'd Figures; while to our own we apply the Appellation of graceful and elegant, though in Truth more barbarous and vulgar, perhaps, than theirs. To prove that it is the same by Manners, we have only to consider that Piracy which was esteemed formerly as a most honourable Profession, is by us deemed cruel and inhuman. Yet while we make War on Pirates, we admit to our Bosoms Men of a Profession still more mischievous and detestable: Men whose Depredations are made on Life, and whose Instruments of Execution are distinguished Poisons.

Now can any Thing be more astonishing than that while Reason or Cunning supplies a proper Discernment on most other Subjects, this strange and unaccountable Delusion should so totally subvert the Understanding, with Respect to that which is of the highest Consequence? Let any one give but the smallest Room for Suspicion, he has a Design on the Gold, we may have no Occasion for, and he is regarded with the most vigilant Eye; Men are not affected by his blandishing Profession, nor deceived by his plausible Appearance: but when another comes in the most open Manner to plunder Health, that far more valuable Blessing, with which Poverty may be happy, but without which Riches can yield no Enjoyment; they receive him with open Arms: They recommend him to their declining Neighbours, to their dying Friends, and no sooner see the fatal Consequences of their rash Act, than they burst into all the loud Exclamations of empty Sorrow. Well indeed may they! for their Folly was the Cause of that very Occurrence of which they complain: and yet they disguise so well their Reason, Fools that they are, as to be ignorant, and insensible of this. They weep that as the predetermined Deed of Omnipotence, which they have brought about by their own inexcusable Weakness; and pass over the Murder they have been accessary to, as a natural Effect of the Disease they regret. If they are blind to this themselves, is it possible they can think others so blind as they are; and that with such gross, such baneful Ignorance, they should be skreened from deserved Ignominy? They know not the Men they trust, the Medicines they take themselves, or recommend to others; they know not the Designs of the first, nor the Effects of the second, yet still they persist to hazard on them their most precious Stake. We think their Characters desperate who adventure a Fortune on a doubtful Contingency, and deplore such Rashness; but what shall we say of them, who do the same by Life itself, and like Madmen venture every Thing against the Nostrum of an Empiric? Yet how often do we hear these absurd and inconsistent Mortals, who thus trifle with their very Being, and so franticly dissipate its most valuable Blessings find Fault with Providence for having made the Duration of this Existence they so much abuse, so short and transitory. They ask for Life only to waste it, and for Health, to squander it, according to their own Folly. But when they are thus deploring the Shortness of Life in general, and asking Heaven to prolong their own Share of it in particular, might we not with Reason thus address them?

"Your Complaint and your Practice so ill agree, "that if you would but review your Practice, you must "be ashamed of your Complaint. The first twenty "Years you lived in the World, you were such a Source

“ of perpetual Care and Solicitude to your Friends,
“ and so much of their Kindness was lavashed on you,
“ during that Period, that you must live twenty Years
“ longer, to repay them as you ought. But besides the
“ particular Duties you owe to them, there are other
“ more general ones, which regard the Relation in
“ which you stand to your Country, and to Providence.
“ You ought therefore to be well sensible of the Value,
“ these natural and moral Obligations enforce you to
“ place on Life; and indeed when we hear the lamentable
“ Complaints you make of its short Duration,
“ one would think you had some Sense of it, but so
“ soon as we consider the Conduct which has preceded
“ this Complaint, our Sentiments cannot but change.
“ You have, it is true, professed all along, in high
“ Terms, your Conscientiousness of the Blessings of
“ Health, and when that Health has happened to be in
“ the least threatened by Sickness, you have supplicated
“ Heaven, in the most fervent manner, to continue it
“ unimpaired a little longer. Yet at the very Time
“ you breathed this Prayer, you have been practising
“ means to render it inefficacious. Let another do but
“ this, let him cut the Arteries of his Limbs, at the
“ Moment he prays for Life; you call him a Fool or a
“ Madman. Yet though you do not exactly the same,
“ you do what amounts to the same Effect, when after
“ your Evening Oraisons for a sound Body, you swallow
“ the noxious Compound of a Quack, and take
“ those very Nostrums, which so many of the Philosophers
“ of your Country have concurred to warn you
“ against. Let me ask you seriously: Have you
“ never in all the Course of your Life, considered
“ the particular Gooodness of Providence, in enlight-

"ening the Country wherein you live, that you adhere "so firmly to the maxims of Ignorance and Idiotism? "Have you never made a single Reflection on the "advantage of living, where the medicinal Science is "supported by Men of real Genius and unsullied "Honour, whose Abilities may preserve you against "the depopulating Attacks of Disease, that you thus "persist in encouraging those execrable Characters "who not only degrade that Science, but dishonour "the Country in which the appear? Have you never "reflected on the unhappy Nations which are repeatedly exposed to the frequent Visits of a raging "Pestilence without any skilful Physician to support "Nature against it, and resist its Progress? If you "have not before, do it now; and think how happy "they would be to receive the Visits of those scientific "Men, in the Place of the deceitful Juglers that infest "them: (For these Wretches are weeds that grow "every where; there is no Soil so well cultivated as "entirely to prevent their Entrance, nor any so poor "as to obviate their flourishing in it): Then think a "Moment on the more favourable Manner in which "Heaven has dealt with you, and on your Conduct "under it. You have all the Blessings of Science, "yet you invite back Barbarity. You have Wisdom "herself to consult with, yet you fly to Ignorance, "and own her your Councellor, your Protectress. "You have the first Physicians in the World to have "recourse to, whose sole Province it is to heal; yet "you ask advice of Mountebanks and Quacks, whose "Practice it is to destroy. Is such the Conduct of "Men conscious of the true Blessings of Life, and "desirous of prolonging their Enjoyment of them?

Now if your Ladyship should ask me, why an uninformed Mind should in particular be so open to this Sort of Error, I would answer: Because the Love of the new and marvellous is so common to human Nature. We are all fond of hearing of Things which engage our Curiosity, and raise our Surprise. This Sentiment runs from the highest to the lowest; from the best infotmed, to the meanest vulgar. Rodomontade Authors have framed wild and fanciful Histories to flatter this Passion, and romantic Readers have deluded their Senses thereby, as *Don Quixote* is said to have done his. To trace this Folly no higher: The visionary Tales of Knight Errantry, were till lately believed by many; and at this Day, the Inhabitants of some Nations place implicit Faith in Fictions, still more extravagant. The famous Earl of *Shaftsbury* is very witty on this Taste in the Fair, with whom he seems to think it principally reigns, and of which *Shakespeare* has given one striking Instance in his Story of *Othello*, where a fair Lady falls in Love with a Moor, from hearing his miraculous Narrations. There is no Occasion to explain how this Passion is destroy'd among civilized Nations, in Proportion to the Increase of true and useful Knowledge: for as Truth becomes more and more apparent, her Brightness dispels all those Mazes, in which Ignorance and Prejudice have hid her. But her Efforts have been all along counteracted, and this obscure Maze prolonged by the interested Designs of wicked and artful Men. The Impostor in Religion employed such Designs formerly, to propagate Fanatacism through the World, and the Impostor in Physic has Recourse to the same Means in the present Time, to establish Empiricism.

But

But the Day is now come, when the former Delusion is no longer sufferable, and in which we feel Astonishment at the Weakness of our Ancestors, in having been so long the Dupes of its gross Superstition, and the Time will no Doubt soon arrive, when those who follow after us, shall be in like Manner astonished, at the excessive Credulity so many now manifest, in becoming the repeated Victims of the Folly and Fraudulency of the latter.

But I cannot suffer, *says the Lady*, that you should impute to my Sex more of this Taste for the marvellous, than you are willing to attribute to your own. I have seen Men, I assure you fully as romantic this Way as Women. I knew one once who would not admit, even into his Garden, a single Statue that had not something surprising in it. Such a Form as had never been seen before was by him viewed with Rapture. He would not have given a Farthing for the *Venus de Medicis*, or any other regular Piece of Workmanship; but shew him an Image remarkable for the Inconsistency of its Parts, and he would have purchased it at the Expence of half his Fortune. Now though his Subject of exercising this Passion for the marvellous was a little different from that of which you speak; there are many, no Doubt, who have it exactly the same.

Nay, *says I*, do not suspect me of such Injustice, as to suppose I would accuse your Sex, while I acquitted my own. There are in the World, just as many silly Men as silly Women. We confine, commonly speaking, the State of Childhood to a few of the first Years we exist, but in Reality it often extends much farther. It is not mere personal Growth that makes a rational Creature, if it was, the common Fools of the World might sometimes set up for the first Philosophers; it is the right Use and Improvement of our mental Faculties. The Child listens with Delight to the Narratives of his Nurse, nor does their Incoherence prevent his believing them: but so soon as he begins to use his Reason he acquires a Taste for more useful and better authorized Knowledge. He despises the rude Inconsistency of the Subjects of his former Admiration, and attends to them no longer. This Choice flows not however from Intuition; it is the Effect of sensible Observation and increasing Intelligence; which by representing the Nature and Manners of Men, in the Colours that properly belong to them; teach him how to improve his Reason and correct his Passions. Hence all useful Knowledge lies open to him, and he may attain the Height of human Prudence. But with all these Seeds of Knowledge in his Mind, the Person who neglects to pursue this Plan of Culture will at the age of Forty, be no wiser than he was at the Age of Fourteen. His Mind will be as unable to make any just Distinction, between extravagant Records and the best ascertained Facts, between the imposing Falshoods of designing Men and the profitable Truths of the Friends of the World: The former will behold with the same Eye, and consider in the same Light, the base and cowardly Spaniard in the Street of *Madrid*, stealing on his Victim in the Dark, and with a Stab of his Stiletto sacrificing him to his Jealously and Revenge; and the infamous and abandoned Quack in the Street of *London*, coming on his Prey in the Disguise of a Friend, and sacrificing him with his pretended Antidote to his Avarice and Villainy. The Judgment of the latter will be widely different, he may consider the Spaniard as an Assassin, but he will view the Empiric as a Friend. His uninformed and credulous Mind esteeming Things, not according to their Reality and Worth, but just as little Children do, according to their external Appearance.

Well, *says the Lady*, we all have our Follies, and if this of depending on Appearances is the greatest in the World, the vulgar are not the only People affected with it. I have known some Philosophers captivated by a superficial Complexion where its Possessor had no other Excellence.

I am mistaken, *replied I*, if he can be much of a Philosopher who suffers himself to be long captivated by a mere Exterior, without any more solid Recommendations: or supposing he is once so inadvertently caught, would not take good Care for the future, to avoid such Imposition. But 'tis otherwise with the People of whom we speak; they are like the good Catholics of *Castel Branco* who put their Trust in painted Images, and when one of these carved Saints happens to disappoint them, fly to another for the Indulgencies the former had denied. Once they were so enraged at *St. Antonio*, for having balked their Expectations of something they said he had promised them, that in their Anger they broke his Statues into

Pieces, and cut off the Head of the principal one, clapping that of *St. Francis* in its Place, which they resolved afterwards to worship. So that instead of profiting by this Experience of the flagrant Folly of placing Confidence in any such Saints, they only changed the Object of their Trust, and removed their Dependance from *St. Antonio*, to *St. Francis*. Exactly so do our Countrymen act by these physical Pretenders; far from distrusting the whole Order of them on being Witness to the Fallacy of one, they only change from Dr. C—— to Dr. D——, relieving themselves from one Impostor to Day, to suffer to-morrow the Cheats of another. I care not for your Comparisons, *says she*, they prove nothing, let us come to Matters of Fact: If these physical Pretenders, as you call them, are no more worthy of Confidence than sculptured Saints, how is it we so often hear their Nostrums celebrated after the Disease even of their Inventors. For the very same Reason, *answered I*, that after the Death of the Saint his Reliques are brought into Fashion, namely, to answer the interested Views of designing Men.

But to confess the Truth, *continued I*, the pretended posthumous Legacies of the popular Professors, either of Religion or of Physic, are beheld by me, with the same distrustful Eye; since they have both so often proved the source of Imposture. Many a Devotee has kneeled before the Bones of common Men, which were as impotent as they were worthless, while his artful Confessor imposed them on him, as the holy Remains of *St. Barbara* or *St. Christopher*, and capable of performing a thousand Miracles. It is just as easy for a designing Fellow to puff off an useless Medley of his own for the celebrated Composition of the very Prince of Empirics; and hence it very often happens, that so soon as any one of this Class has slipped out of the Way, some ingenious Contriver or other instantly publishes his Secret, telling the World that in his sole Possession, remains the *invaluable* Receipt, tho' in all Probability, he knows no more of it than a *Laplander*.

You seem to think this bad enough, *says the Lady*, but for my Part, I can easily excuse it. That Safety comes thro' Faith, is a Maxim just as applicable to Physic as to Religion. The Hope that flows from Confidence, tranquillizes the Frame, and disposes it to those salubrious Alterations, we wish to produce. This Hope must be excited by something which flatters the Imagination, in a higher Degree, perhaps, than might be effected by a circumstantial Enumeration of mere Facts. You know the strange Effects that Magnetism had formerly, in a neighbouring Kingdom, where *Mesner* was often successful in removing Diseases which had baffled all the Efforts of the Faculty. His Medicines were the Physic of the Imagination and nothing more, and his Practice plainly Demonstrates the Advantages that may flow to our System, from the well directed Opperations of Fancy alone, and that it is not always the Medicine which produces the Cure, but sometimes the Faith the Patient has in it.

On my word, *says I*, you shew great Understanding on this Point, but, pray tell me, how it is, that while there is so much Faith in the World, and People are so fond of living, we have Reason, so often, to deplore the Loss of our Friends. Scarce can we turn our Eyes on any Side, but we see two or three on the Eve of Departure, nor shall we find a Want of Confidence shewn by any of them towards the Prescriptions of their Physicians or their Friends, for, in Truth, their Faith is, if any Thing, a little too bold. *Sure*, somebody or other cries, *you are not resolved to die yet. Alas*, reply they, *would to God it were in our Power to resolve otherways! That it certainly is*, returns the Comforter, *have you not heard of the immortal Doctors, who have discovered Cures for all Diseases? They will soon restore you: One has produced an Essence from the richest Stores of Nature, so wonderfully powerful that it can recover the most debiliated Constitutions; another has a Compound, the genial Efficacy of which no Disorder can resist. Excellent news indeed*, cry the enraptured Invalids, *haste and buy us that Essence, and that Compound, and let us get well again as fast as possible. Well now you have tried these celebrated Remedies*, they come and cry, before a Week has elapsed, *and feel you not much better? Infinitely better indeed*, reply the sanguine Patients, *we are half recovered already, and doubt not but we shall be soon restored altogether.* But let another Week or two pass and the same Question be repeated, when the Novelty of the Thing is over, and vain Expectation can delude no longer. Their Account is then very different. All their threatening Symptoms are, they inform you, returned, and those vile Nostrums which seemed to promise something at first, have in the End proved nothing; but still they entertain Hopes, they have heard of other *Nostrums* far better, and more efficacious than the former ones, and have just began to try them. Alas, unhappy Men! will their Faith in this Case save them or will it prove their Ruin? Only hear what *Montaigne* says of it. "Tis the Fear of Death and of Pain, *says he*, "an Impatience of the Disease, and a violent and "indiscreet Desire of a present Cure, that so blinds "us, and pure Cowardice that makes our Belief so "pliable, so easily imposed on: and yet Men do not "so easily believe, as they acquiesce and permit, "for I hear them find Fault and complain as well as "we. But they resolve at last, what should I do "then? as if Impatience were of itself a better Remedy than Patience. Is there any one of those, "*continues he*, who have suffered themselves to be "persuaded into this miserable Subjection, that does "not equally surrender himself to all Kinds of Impostures; who does not give himself up to any "one who has the Impudence to promise him a Cure?

According to you then, *says she*, one had better consider the World as a perfect Masquerade, where every one wears Disguise of some Sort or other, to outwit or to deceive his Neighbours, by concealing his true Character and assuming a fictitious one. Not absolutely as a Masquerade, *replied I*, for there we ought to take every Thing as it appears, to be able to do our Parts well, and it is the Fault of others, if we are obliged to see the contrary: whereas in the World, we should not judge any thing from the Semblance, under which it first presents itself, and it is our own Fault, if we are deceived by doing so. Besides, at a Masquerade, every one must come in Disguise, to appear in Character: but in the World, on the contrary, all Disguise is highly improper, and he who assumes an Appearance that does not naturally belong to him, gives us good Reason to distrust his Motives. Now would People use but half the Wit in their Commerce with the World, that they employ at the Pantheon, or at Ranelagh, they would easily perceive such public Masquerades, seldom, or never, act up to the Characters they assume, and profit sufficiently by the Observation to escape their Knaveries; for as the World goes, it is very discernible, that Numbers suffer themselves to be ouwitted by mere Drolls in the most serious Affairs of Life, for want of that Thought, which in Things more silly and farcical, never forsakes them.

If an Inhabitant of *Constantinople* or *Grand Cairo*, (where the healing Science is at a very low Ebb, and Men are left to Die Victims to the first Disease that may attack them,) were to travel to our Metropolis, and read those daily Advertisements of our *Quacks*, which promise to cure all the Disorders by which Mortals suffer: would he not be smitten with Admiration and ready to exclaim? "Happy People, "whose Land produces such a Generation of Sages, "and whose Sages employ themselves in the Study "of Knowledge so useful; in making Discoveries "which blunt the Sting of Pain, and arrest the Arm "of Death! Here doubtless the Life of Men is "lengthened to a prodigious Extent: Here none of "those Maladies can destroy, which produce such "a Mortality every where else: How blessed these "Christians in such divine Physicians"! Yet after such a Rhapsody, should he take some Newspapers in his Hand, and read in each of them, half a Dozen Accounts of one dying of a Consumption, and another of a Dropsy; this Man of an Asthma, and that of a Rheumatism, would he not ask? "How comes it "about, that when all my Countrymen are so unwilling to quit Life, here are People who will not "live? Who when they have painful Diseases, will "not accept the Remedies which their Philosophers "offer them"? But should any one answer him by saying. "You are mistaken, Sir; we Christians are "as fond of living, as any Mussulman can possibly "be; but we find those boasted *Antidotes* very unequal to the Purpose of saving Life; they are the "miserable Compositions of vile *Empirics*, who "profess much more than they are able to perform, and have done so for many Ages back". This we may well suppose would induce another very natural Question on his Part, namely. "To "what End do these *Nostrums* continue to be published, if you have had such confirmed Experience "of their Fallacy? The Artisan no sooner shews "himself deceitful and dishonest, than he is driven "from the Neighbourhood as a Nuisance, and dares "appear abroad no longer; how is it then that these "more dangerous Cheats are suffered still to infest "your Country, after their Frauds are so well known"?

And on being told that Numbers of our Nation still continued to encourage them, and notwithstanding the noted Perniciousness of their Medicines, persisted to administer them to their declining Wives, to their dying Children; would he not conclude, that the People of this Country were equally barbarous and ignorant, with those silly *Indians*, of whom *Sonnerat says*, that credulous to an Excess, they place all Confidence in a Weaver or Locksmith, who, for Want of Employment, turns Physician, and undertakes to heal them? And full as simple and imprudent as those pityful Creatures of whom *Montaigne* remarks, there is not a silly Woman whose Charms and Drinks they do not make Use of!

'Tis no Matter, *replies she*, I never can suffer the *Turks* to have the Advantage of us in this Respect; I have heard they have themselves the most wonderful Respect for Fools, and if so, what Reason have they to laugh at us, provided even we have the same Weakness? But do you not know, *says I*, that Mankind are so generally disposed to self Flattery, that the very Peculiarities they deem Faults in Strangers, they think Virtues in themselves. We are all fond of regarding the Manners of our Country with the same partial Eye, as a Lover does the Features of his Mistress, who calls her Squint, a very facinating Glance, and the Pock Holes in her Face, the most agreeable Dimples; while in the Mistress of another he would name them Imperfections. In like Manner the *Turk*, though he allow himself to reverence a Fool, may think the same Disposition not altogether so becoming in you, and would, no doubt, laugh very heartily at the Lady of whom *Dr. Moore* speaks; who on being told that her Physician had not common Sense, replied, *Tant mieux, un homme qui passe son Tems a studier le Sens commune, commeut peut-il apprendre la Medicine?* Though the same Mussulman might very probably give her Reason to laugh at him afterwards, by shewing in some other Way, full as strong an Attachment to the Sons of Folly.

Well, *says she*, allowing that we all have our Frailties, and are therefore alike on this Score, is it not a Reason we should be better Friends; and desirous rather to conceal each others Follies, than make them the Subjects of public Ridicule?

Could such a Method of compounding Matters be brought about, *replied I*, it certainly would tend much to the Friendship of the Citizens of the World, and save that long War of Raillery, which the People of different Nations perpetually maintain. Instead of which, we might see a constant Exchange of Civilities between Persons who live the most distant from each other, and Embassies respecting the Rules of good Breeding, might be dispatched backward and forward, as well as those on State Affairs. Thus the Ladies of *England* might send a Card to those of *Kampschatka*, with Proposals for a general Peace from Scandal, as well as from War; assuring them of their best Dispositions towards them, and that henceforth they should no longer ridicule their favourite Custom of eating Bears Flesh and the Bark of Trees, which might poison any other People except themselves. This obliging Address the Fair of *Kampschatka* might answer by informing their Friends in *England*, that they were equally well disposed to such a Treaty of Politeness, as a Proof of which, they were very willing to give up the established Custom of laughing at them, for taking any *Nostrum* which had an illustrious Name, though at the same Time, it would be sure to poison them. In like Manner also, the *British* Belles might acquaint the *Italian* ones that all Scandal was now at an End; in Consequence of which they would be at Liberty to purchase whatever Absolutions they wished, from their flattering Confessors, and to place all the Dependance they chose, on Saints and Relicts, without incurring the least Censure, which infinite Complaisance the Ladies of *Italy* might repay with their Compliments, and a Promise that as a Mark of their Gratitude for the high Honour done them, they would henceforth permit our Dames of *England* to become, as often as they chose, the Dupes of *Empirics* without one severe Reflection.

But as it is, *continued I*, unless some such Treaty as this be entered into, there are many very conspicuous Characters amongst us, who must either alter their Conduct or be content to continue Objects of eternal Ridicule. Nor does this happen without Reason. For among the Number of Things which are ridiculous from the particular Light only, in which we view them, Inconsistency is one, that is truly censurable on its own Account. These People of whom I speak, pretend to a considerable Dignity and Refinement of Sentiment though their Actions are barbarous and ignorant. History informs us, that anciently it was a Practice with the *Babylonians*, to take their sick into the public Markets, and consult all the People who passed by, that if any one happened to know what would cure them, he might disclose the Remedy. This, you will say showed a strange State of Barbarism and proved that the Babylonians had no Physicians; 'Tis very true, it did so; but look at our Countrymen, and you will find many of them do no better, tho' in a Nation that can boast the ablest Professors of every Science. When, for Instance, we read the Letters of two certain Noblemen, concerning the Success of a Medicine for the Worms, might we not think they had been met by a Mob of People, something like those of old Babylon, with a Number of palefaced, belly aching Children, demanding a Cure for the Worms and crying? *Have the Goodness my good Lord Bishop to inform us, if you know a Remedy for the Worms.—Pray my Lord Chief Baron can you recommend us to a good worm Doctor?* and that yielding to Importunity, or to Pity, they had composed those two Epistles which *Mr. C——* has been at such Pains to publish to the World. Might we not think that the City in which these Letters originated, was without a Physician deserving that Name,—that its Inhabitants were Barbarians, on whom Science never had beamed her Smiles, and the Rays of Knowledge never were scattered? But when we are told that their City was the fairest Temple of Science, and had a Faculty the most famous and best informed in the Universe, with what Sort of Eye shall we be disposed to look on those Men who have proved themselves so much the Enemies of that Science, by endeavouring to undermine its noblest Pillar? who have shown such gross Insults to that Faculty, by advising our Citizens to seek Relief for their drooping Children, not from them who by Education and Study are rendered able to give it, but from the Vender of a worthless *Nostrum?*

Well, *says the Lady*, I must own that if you do not convince my Reason, you at least confound it, and leave me, almost at a Loss what to think, on this Subject. If you take my Advice, *says I*, you will think no more about it, for the present, lest it not only affect your waking Thoughts, but intrude itself also into your Dreams.

Discourse the Third.

ON the following Morning however, the Lady had no longer any Fear for her Dreams, and she again introduced the former Subject. I have generally observed of People, *says she*, that the longer they converse on any Point, the better able they become to treat it with Ease and Gaiety, whereas I remark the contrary of you, who grow more and more grave the longer you speak. And yet, *says I*, I have all along suppressed the most serious and affecting Things, which might have been introduced into our Conversation. You have made it serious enough in all Conscience, *replied she*, but I believe you could not make it very affecting, were you to do your best. The Degree in which any Thing is affecting, *said I*, depends on the Manner in which the Observer considers it. There are some who will weep at the imaginary Woes of the Hero of a *Novel*, while not all the real Calamities of human Nature can draw a single Tear. To touch such fanciful Creatures as these, one must recite some artificial Story, but Hearts like yours, Madam, will be more true to Humanity, and I am much mistaken, if I could not make you think this Subject even a little affecting, tho' my Wish is not so much to represent it in an effecting, as in a true Light.

To do this then and place it in the fairest and most conspicuous Point of View, we must beg here a little Aid from Fancy. To this End we will suppose ourselves in *London* and relate a Scene, which from its Concordance with Circumstances, which do every Day take Place, may not unreasonably be supposed to have been exhibited before us, had we been really there.

What Gaiety and Confusion suddenly open before us! What Crowds of Passengers! What a ratling of Carriages! Some distinguished by the Richness of their Painting, and some by the Beauties they contain. But what a gaudy Equipage is that which now approaches? How mighty consequential the Air of him that rides therein! Behold now the Carriage stops and its Master enters yon well built Structure! Whom can he be? Let us ask of the Person who stands before us and whose Eye seems attracted by the same Object, which if we may judge from the Expression of his Countenance, he regards with a Sensation of ineffable Disdain.

" That Man," *says he*, "whom you see appear in " a State of such Affluence, is a Wretch as detestable " and villainous as any Character, that can present it- " self to human Sight. We regard with no small " Degree of Horror, the Savage whose Barbarity is " exercised in Robbery on the Highway, and whose

“ Arm is lifted against the Traveller. We persecute
“ him with all the Severity of revenging Justice and
“ brand his Name with Ignominy. Yet even such an
“ one is far more honourable than the Object you
“ now behold. He robs; but it is not under the Cloak
“ of Friendship; he may murder; but he gives the
“ Traveller some Chance of escaping, nor would he
“ mangle the defenceless and wretched, which this
“ Caitif does perpetually, making his Approach in
“ the Garb of the good *Samaritan*, and while he
“ pretends to pour a healing Balsam into the Wound,
“ distilling thereinto a Poison; suffering the Victim to
“ have no Retreat but in Death itself. The miserable
“ State of our fellow Creatures languishing under
“ Sickness and tortured by the Pangs of Disease,
“ would have Power, one might think, to soften the
“ hardest Heart and to disarm that Hand even, which
“ never before was known to admit the Claims of
“ Humanity; yet there are they whose Minds are
“ steeled against every Sentiment of Compassion, and
“ who show greater Monsters in the human, than any
“ that are to be seen in the brute Creation. Of this,
“ that Man furnishes an Instance, who had no sooner
“ found that on the Body's being enervated with Pain,
“ the Mind from sympathizing with it, is deprived of
“ its wonted Firmness, than at the Moment of univer-
“ sal Weakness, he stept in to take a shameful
“ Advantage over the most miserable. In short, this
“ Wretch is one of those, who by their insidious Arts
“ and treacherous Professions, persuade the languish-
“ ing Subject of Disease, to discard the Physician
“ whose Abilities might have recovered him giving
“ him a *Nostrum* with which they promise to remove

"every Complaint, tho', in fact, unable to remove any, "and by no means answerable to the Character they "publish of it. The unfortunate who is immerged in "Waves and terrified with the Apprehension of their "overpowering him, will be ready to catch at the "most empty Shadow of Assistance, at a Straw float"ing on the Surface of the Water, or at a Weed sprout"ing from the Bank, but is it not cruel to prevent "any one in a like State from receiving useful Assis"tance, by interposing such as is vain and transitory? "is it not cruel to take from such the Price of "Deliverance, and then leave him to perish? In no "less critical a Situation is he who struggles with "corporeal Calamities, and being surrounded by equal "Dangers, here is an Enemy, who would act in the "same cruel Manner by him, who, like the Wretches "that stalk over the Fields of Combat for Plunder, "first robs those struggling for Life and then dispatch"es them.

He looked stedfastly on us as he spoke this Invective, but scarce had he pronounced the last Sentence, when turning his Eyes towards the Spot, where just before the Carriage had stopped, he saw a genteel Woman attented by a young Man feeble and emaciated, knock for Admittance at the House into which the Doctor had entered. The Door could scarce be opened before our Informer, resuming his Discourses, thus continued.

"As a Proof that what I have now told you, far "from being mere fanciful Rhapsody, is unquestion-

"able Fact: I will make you acquainted with some "Circumstances, respecting the Persons whom you "see entering that House. The Lady I have a "little Knowledge of, she is Mother to the young "Man who walked leaning on her, in whom are "centered all her Prospects of Felicity. His Constitution however, is almost broken by a rapid Consumption, which threatens him, and has already "cankered the Bloom of youth. He was till lately "attended by the best Physicians of his Time, from "whose scientific Knowledge, his Complaint being "recent, he had some Prospect of a Cure; when his "fond but foolish Mother happening to see the "Advertisement of that treacherous Empiric, who "pretends to have an *Antidote*, capable of procuring "him the most speedy Cure, anxious for the Safety "of her Child, she immediately became the Dupe of "his deceitful Promises, as her Son will soon be the "Victim of his mischievous *Nostrum*. Poor Woman, "little does she think to what a Wretch she entrusts "the Safety of her Child! He has no Ability to help "him, perhaps no Wish to do it, and he flatters with "the continual Hope of a Cure, only to satisfy his "own abandoned Avarice. For this, the sacred Science "of Medicine, is made the Tool of a Cheat, and that "Profession which ought to be the eternal Oracle of "Truth, becomes the Voucher of Villany and Imposture. For this, the Art which should secure our "Tranquillity amid all the Accidents to which Life "is exposed, is made the Cause of perpetual Calamities, and that Foundation which was intended for the "Erection of a Trophy to the Honour of Man, shews "a Monument of his Disgrace."

But here his Attention was suddenly arrested by another Person, that stopped at the same Door, thro' which the Lady and her Son had entered. This was no other than a Footman drest in a rich Livery, who having delivered a Letter immediately departed. As he beheld this, the Eyes of our new Companion flashed with increasing Anger, and he continued.

"But if we survey with some Commiseration the "fond Weakness of a poor Woman, whose Affection "makes her credulous, can we behold with any other "Sense than that of Indignation, the extreme Folly of "that Valet's Master, who just on the Verge of the "Grave, laughs away his Fear of Death, because this "Man calls his miserable *Nostrum* infallible, in the "Disease of which he complains, and says it contains "a certain Antidote.

"In this Case it may be questionable perhaps, "whether the Delusion of the Dupe or the Villany of "the Cheat, deserves most our Contempt or Detesta-"tion. The Maniac who, in his wretched Cell, rattles "his Chains of Misery, and triumphs in the Idea that "they are Ensigns of Dignity, cannot be a more "pitiable Object than the former of these, nor "the Monster who exercises his Arts of Fraud "on one in such a Situation, more infamous than the "latter. On particular Occasions of Danger and "Distress, the very Fools of the World are generally "sufficiently conscious of the Advantage of having "Recourse to wise Counsellors, but here is a Man "who in the most terrible Delemma, employs a

" Knave to flatter him, that his Danger is only a " Dream. Can this shameful and inconsistent Weakness arise from a too excessive Love of Life? If so, " how strange that this natural Desire of Existence " which so often urges to Actions of Resolution and " Bravery, should also be productive of the most unaccountable Infirmities, and impel Men to a Conduct " the most likely of all others to disappoint the very " End they want to gain! How strange that he who " on other Points is so proud of the Use of his Reason, should be so anxious to suppress it in listening " to the deceitful Tale of an Impostor, which like the " Song of the Syrens, draws to Destruction; suffering " his Eyes to be enchanted by a false Prospect that " appears before them, while he regards not the Precipice on which he walks."

When this Relation was ended and we had stood for some Time in melancholy Reflection, looking on the People that crouded by us, our Imaginations became insensibly affected, and we thought we saw in one of them a tender Husband, in another an endearing Wife, and in another an affectionate Child, cut off immaturely, and falling a Prey to the Poisoner; for ever separated from all their dear Connexions, at the very Moment perhaps, when they flattered themselves with the Idea of enjoying them longest. While we were possessed by these affecting Thoughts, in casting our Eyes towards the House of this infamous Traffic, we saw a Man of good Air and genteel Deportment enter it. A very visible Concern was impressed on his Countenance, which plainly showed that some melancholy Business had brought him thither.

" The Man," *says our intelligent Informer*, "whom " you now observe, is the fond Husband of an amiable " Woman who is confined by Sickness. He is dis- " tracted at the Thoughts of loosing her, and yet trusts " her health to this Destroyer of human Life. Now, " speaking as rational Creatures, have we not in Truth " the highest Reason to rejoice, that should the Health " of our dearest Friends decline, and threaten us with " the Loss of the best Consolations of Life, we know " on whose Knowledge, on whose Honour, we may " depend for their Restoration. Not that our Confi- " dence in any mortal Science, can arrest altogether " the Fear of Death, and give us Hope of joining, on " Earth, Friendship with Immortality. But certainly " we ought to deem it a Blessing, that when they who " form our principal Happiness, lie on a Bed of " Sickness, we know who can raise them from it, if " Heaven has not destined the contrary. But were " we in such a Case, instead of employing the Master " of the healing Art, to have Recourse to the wretched " Balsam of some impudent Quack, and then to say in " Defence of our Conduct, that the Quack had pub- " licly professed himself wiser than all the Physicians " of the Age, and provided with better Remedies, " would not such an Action insure our Right to a Place " in *Bedlam?* Yet this is nothing more than what is " done by that Person. The Object of his tenderest " Alliance assaulted by Pain and Disease, and instead " of guarding her Weakness against besetting Dangers " and procuring for her the best possible Relief, as his " Duty enforces, he does exactly the reverse, by put- " ting her in the Power of a Man he knows nothing "of, but from the Puffs of his own Insolence and "those mean corresponding Practices which all worthy Characters regard with Disdain. After this "shall he call Fortune hard in taking her from him? "Shall he mourn their eternal Separation when his "own Unkindness occasioned it? Yet even he "would exclaim against the Barbarians of *Tartary*, "who leave their sick and aged Parents a Prey "to wild Beasts, while he himself exposes a more "endearing Relative to become a Victim to "Caitiffs that are, in Reality, worse than Beasts: "For they practice their Cruelty against their own "Species, while the most ferocious Beasts never want "a Feeling for their Fellows."

But are you certain, *demand we*, that you do not exaggerate the ill Traits of these Characters; is it possible Men should be such Wretches? As for the unhappy People whom you represent the Victims of their Baseness, what are they? Are they not tortured with Pains they know not how to relieve? Are they not oppressed by Diseases they are themselves altogether ignorant of? The Art of Physic, in its highest Glory, is in some Degree uncertain and fallacious, they know this but too well, they have experienced it but too much, is it surprising then they should be so much taken with that Appearance of it which promises something more than ordinary sure and infallible?

"Nay," *he replies*, "you are mistaken, Physic is "a Science of all others the least uncertain, the least "fallacious. All its true Professors are uniformly the "confidential Friends, the liberal Counsellors of Man-

"kind. They bring Comfort to the afflicted, they "give Relief to the Sick, they fly to the Succour of the "Poor and Miserable; their grand Concern is for the "Good of their Fellow Creatures. For this, they "sacrifice their Lives to Study, and expose their "Persons to the Loathsomeness and Dangers of the "most contagious Pestellence, for this they extend "their indefatigable Investigations thro' the closest "Recesses of Nature, and establish the most useful "Institutions. Nor do their Exertions for the Assistance of Mankind ever fall short, for when the feeble "Frame of Nature, doomed to exist but for such a "Period, is no longer capable of being strengthened "or recovered by their Aid, they still continue their "friendly Office, by softening the very Shades of "Death, and alleviating the Pangs of the Dying, by "preparing the Mind for and supporting it under the "Change which is about to take Place. Thus in "every State, at every Period, the Professors of this "Science are the Friends of the human Race; nor "are they uncertain or fallacious, But as for those "Pretenders of whom we have been speaking they "are not its professors: They are Hypocrites, they "are Monsters, they are Traitors to the Dictates of "Humanity, they are Rebels to the Principles of Religion, they are Savages amongst Men, and would "be Beasts amongst Savages."

But why then, *inquire we*, does the legislative Authority of the Country permit the People to be preyed on by such Destroyers? why does not the guardian Power which protects from Robbers and Assassins, protect also against these Men?

"Alas" *he replies*, "the Villanies of the latter, "though not less numerous, nor less shocking than "those of the former, are more artful executed, and "far better concealed. They commit them under "borrowed Colours and then skreen themselves be-"neath the Banners of Hypocrisy. But were their "Actions once exposed to View, were the feeling "Englishmen who interests himself in supporting the "moral Virtue and in extending the Happiness of his "Country, once to behold the Scenes of Wretchedness "that these Caitiffs occasion, were he to hear the "Groans and Lamentations, that but for these Men "had never been heard, he would be filled with "Wonder and Resentment. He would be shocked "at the melancholy Prospect and call for Vengeance "on the Authors of it; but, alas, far from this, he "suspects not their concealed Treachery, he regards "them with Approbation, and soon perhaps may fall "their Victim.

Well, *says the Lady*, even allowing this Representation to be somewhat affecting, you cannot but own that these imaginary Scenes are always tinctured with some Appearance of Art, not to be found in the simple Prospects of Nature herself. I grant you, *replied I*, in some Cases it may be so, but in the Present Instance we have adhered so strictly to Truth, that not even the Imagination has been suffered to stray beyond its Precincts. Thousands have to contend with the same cruel Circumstances I have placed only Individuals under, and there are Hundreds of those Traitors to human Nature, where I have represented no more than one. Nor is the Description any way exaggerated, for if I have appeared to carry Censure sometimes too far, a little Observation will show that the public Voice has all along confirmed the same Judgment. Since, if the Merit of these Men be in Reality so exalted, as they themselves profess, if the Discoveries to which they assert a Right, be any other than falsely claimed ones, what ungrateful Ages have been the latter. There are many Names that have been celebrated through a long Succession of Generations, for much less than Numbers of these ingenious Characters affect to have done. Monuments have been raised to them, and their Statues still remain. How is it then that the Race of Biographers have wholly overlooked these more modern Worthies? How can we account for this apparent Partiality, this unequal Distribution of Honours? The Reason is this; Time whose Decision affixes the Laurel on the Brows of them only who deserve it, and rends from about the worthless Head all its usurped Honours, soon shows the stolen Dignities of the latter. Their imposing Appearance may deceive for a Time, but one Glance thro' the Glass of Experience discovers the Illusion and the Charm is instantly dissolved. The Angels of Light, the gigantic Enchanters disappear, and show what they are in Truth, mischievous Imps and Ministers of Darkness, with them all their magic Compositions fall into Disgrace and they sink together into Oblivion. Can any Thing prove more plainly the complete Fallacy of this System of Deceit? But if a doubt shall still remain, we have only to revert to the public Papers that were printed four-score or a hundred Years ago, and examine from that to the present Period, all the Medicines which have been advertised as infallible Remedies. How large the Amount! Yet of all the immense Number scarce a single one is now remembered, except what has originated in the latter Day. Let us reflect, with what Care the common Interest of Men leads them to preserve the Remembrance of those Things, which tend any Way to their Advantage, and think whether it is probable these would have been so soon forgotten, if they had ever done the Good they pretended to. By no Means; their Memory would have been cherished with the utmost Attention, and their Discoveries regarded with eternal Reverence. Far however deserving these Tributes of Honour, they are unworthy even a peaceful Oblivion, for that protects them from merited Infamy. They were like Swarms of Locusts which come, no one knows whence, spread a temporary Devastation, and then disappear. Happy was their Absence perpetual, but the Succession of them is as regular as the Return of the Seasons. The Swarms that now buz about our Ears, in the various Shapes of so many infallible Doctors for different Diseases, will soon quit our Sight, and leave their Places to be occupied by others, just like them, who in their Turn will make another such Remove; and unless the Politics of the Country or the increasing Wisdom of its Inhabitants prevent their Progress, will spread an eternal Desolation.

Methinks, *says the Lady*, neither of these Things is likely to take Place very soon, for it seldom becomes the Fashion of a Country to be mad after Wisdom, and if any Interference of the Magistrate were ever intended, why has it not taken Place already?

Let the Reason be what it may, *replied I*, it is but too certain that this Subject, serious and important as it is, commands far too little of their Attention, in whose Power it is to reduce its Inconveniences and reclaim its Habits. The whole Race of Mountebanks or Quacks, for they both are of the same Class, and differ only in a small Degree of Refinement, which one possesses over the other, requires as serious a Prohibition as Robbers. They are the Cause of as many Calamities and should be marked therefore with the same public Ignominy. In many other Countries this has been the Case, and these Enemies of Mankind have met with proper Punishment. We are informed, "when any Mountebanks appeared in *Montpelier*, "the Magistrate had a Power to mount each of them "on a meagre miserable Ass, with his Head to the "Ass's Tail. In this Condition they were led throughout the whole City, attended with the Shouts and "Hooting of the Children and the Mob, beating them, "throwing Filth and Ordure at them, reviling them, "and dragging them all about." *Montesquieu* says that the Romans sometimes punished with Death, them who ventured to practice Physic without sufficient Skill, and the Athenians were very particular in excepting all improper Persons from the Practice from that Art. Hence we may learn that this Subject, though so much neglected and overlooked in our Country, has obtained no little Attention in others, but been thought deserving of the most serious Consideration. Is it not shocking then that a Cause in which Humanity is so much interested, should be left exposed to the Attacks of every destructive Caitiff, and that Science which when well cultivated, is so incomparable a Blessing to Mankind, that its Invention has been ascribed to the immortal Powers, be with such Impunity vilified and degraded, by having all its Utility turned to the Destruction of Men.

But lest your Ladyship should think I magnify the Object and place it in too unfavourable a Point of View, I will here name a few Authorities of others, that may serve to confirm what I have asserted, and prove that these Circumstances, far from having been exaggerated, are related according to the Testimony of the wisest Men, and the Letter of Truth.

The famous *Tissot* says. " The Bands of Highway-" men, and their Individuals, that enter into any " Country or District, are described as particularly as " possible to the public. It were equally to be wished, " we had also a List of these physical Impostors and " Ignorants, male and female; and that a most exact " Description of them, with the Number, and a brief " Summary of their murderous Exploits, were faith-" fully published. By this Means, the Populace " might probably be inspired with such a wholesome " Dread of them that they would no longer expose " their Lives to the Mercy of such Executioners. " and again. " When real and good Physicians cannot "effect as much Good, as ignorant ones and Impostors can do Mischief, some real Advantage must accrue to the State, and to the whole Species from employing none of either. I affirm it, after much Reflection, and from thorough Conviction, that Anarchy in Medicine is the most dangerous Anarchy: for this Profession, when loosed from every Restraint, and subject to no Regulations, no Laws, is the most cruel Scourge and Affliction, from the incessant Exercise of it; and should its Anarchy, its Disorders prove irremediable, the Practice of an Art, become so very noxious should be prohibited under the severest Penalties; or, if the Constitution of any Government was inconsistent with the Application of so violent a Remedy, they should order public Prayers against the Mortality of it, to be offered up in all the Churches, as the Custom has been in other great and general Calamities."

Dr. Shebbeare observes. "None complains of the Death of a Friend, when that Person has died by his following the taking Quack Medicines; he was his own Executioner, a kind of Felo de se, there is no one to blame and all passes on in Silence: thus Hundreds die by a Medicine by which one may recover. Every News-Paper swarms with Advertisements of the Excellence and superior Powers of that Medicine which has killed a hundred of his Fellow Creatures while it was curing him, and in Gratitude he ought to speak well of it. We are more obliged to the Tyger if he spares us, because 'tis his Nature to devour, than to the Angel or superior

"perior Being, who shall warn us from the Approaching Evil, though it savour strongly of Ingratitude in "us." Upon the same Subject *Dr. Wallis* also has made this Remark. "Nor should we wonder that "the ignorant and credulous are imposed upon by "such public and bold Assertions, when we see Men "of respectable Characters, and of approved Knowledge in some Departments of Science, though they "scarce know the Name of any Distemper, Signing "pompous Advertisements, to gain them Credibility "of the most amazing Cures of different Disorders "performed by some infallible *Nostrum.* Ill placed "Humanity! would it not be better for these industrious Advocates to rest in Silence? then might they "escape Censure by not encouraging those more than "impudent Impostors in laughing at the Absurdity of "Mankind, and defrauding the too easily deluded "Million."

I might cite many more Authors on the same Subject, but these being the Sentiments of Men of Learning and Genius, they will be sufficient to clear me in the Opinion of your Ladyship, from the Charge of Singularity and Injustice, and prove the Consistency of every Thing I have advanced against the gross Sophisters of Quackery.

Well, *replied she*, but these are the Sentiments of professional Men only, whom we cannot wonder at finding Enemies to those Characters, because they consider them in the Light of unworthy Competitors. Their Judgment therefore may be more the Voice of Partiality than of Truth.

Nay, *said I*, it would cost me no more Trouble to give you the Names of Wits and Philosophers, whose Testimonies have tended to corroborate the same Opinions, and who cannot be suspected of any partial Biass. The learned *Pliny* complains no little of the Folly of Mankind, in giving Credit to every one who professes himself a Physician, and laments there being no Law to punish those infamous Empirics who make a Traffic of Men's Lives. They are the only Persons, *says he*, who murder with Impunity and Security. *Moliere* the refined, the witty Commedian of *France* is in one of his Pieces very smart on this silly Credulity of People on the same Head, and an excellent comic Author of our own Country, now living, has written a Farce to ridicule this Folly. While the *Marquis de Langle* pathetically cries. "At what other Period "than the Present, in which one is the Dupe of "Quacks and Impostors of so many different Species, "has Health the first of all Blessings, more need to be "defended against the murderous Attacks of phar-"maceutic Ignorance and medical Presumption."

Some People however notwithstanding all this, may still suppose that the Picture we have drawn, is too melancholy to be true, and consider it rather an extravagant Satire than a plain narrated Fact. Would to Heaven, for the Honour of human Nature, this were the Case, and that the Testimony we have produced were so ill founded, that they whom it concerns, could bring forward Evidence to do it entirely away. To examine how far they can effect this, we will briefly notice the Arguments by which they defend their Conduct themselves, or are defended by their warmest Advocates.

As their first and best Plea, we often hear this Question: "How many Patients have been dismissed from Hospitals as incurable, and afterwards "cured by a Quack." Well, how many are they? The Number, I dare say, is not very great, in short, when reduced from the pompous Exaggerations of Vanity to the reasonable Standard of Truth, the Instances we have of such Events taking Place, are so few, that their Novelty alone may make them appear extraordinary. But suppose they were more numerous, suppose they were Occurrences, which far from being hard to be met with, are often happening, what do they prove? In fact, nothing. Hospitals are intended as Asylums, where the poor and unfortunate sick may receive the best medical Assistance, not as Receptacles for confirmed Invalids. If after having received all the Advantages of that Assistance, no extraordinary Benefit is observed to result therefrom, and their Complaints still remain as obstinate as before, is it proper they should continue to retain their Places to the Exclusion of others who have full as just a Title thereto, and who may receive much greater Benefit from them? Certainly not. Yet after they have for a long Time received to so little Purpose the best Means of Help; such accidental Change in their Constitution may possibly take Place, as, at another Period, shall dispose it to recover, by its own Power, even those Disorders which appeared so dreadful before. Cases of this kind happen not unfrequently, yet from like Contingences it is, that these Men reap the boasted Trophies of their Honour, and draw the strongest Proofs of their Utility.

But even supposing all these fair Pretentions just ones, and these remarkable Cures the Result of Ability, is it any Thing wonderful that among the prodigious Multitudes, who take their Medicines, some should recover? The accidental Occurrence, ~~which~~ of such Circumstances cannot prove their general Conduct less destructive. Some escape the most bloody Fields of Slaughter and the Dagger of the Assassin is not equally fatal unto all. Nor have they any Reason to boast the Exploits on which they so much pride themselves, for what is the Price at which these living Testimonies of their Skill are raised, is it not at that of numberless Victims, is it not at that of a dreadful Mortality? These Instances of their Glory will therefore, if rightly considered, appear the Monuments of their Shame, and at the Moment they boast their Triumph they ought to blush for their Disgrace.

But it has been said, that "to pronounce Diseases "incurable is to establish Indolence and Inattention, "as it were, by Law, and to skreen Ignorance from Reproach." The Remark seems just and the Lesson it conveys, when limited by the Laws of Science, is useful, but when brought forward to support the interested Designs of artful Men, it may be made the

Cause of the most shocking Evils, by giving an Appearance of Reason and Propriety to the most absurd Pretences on one Side, and to the weakest Credulity on the other. What because every Malady may have its Cure, shall we blindly swallow any Medicine that the Empiric may offer us, in Hopes by so doing, of discovering the efficacious one we want, and expect from this Action of Madness a certain Deliverance? Shall we seek Safety in the Paths of Danger and expose our little Bark to innumerable Rocks and Quicksands in Hopes of finding a better Harbour, than our Friends and Country can offer us? In short, shall we degrade ourselves by adopting the Recommendation of a wretched Set of empirical Deceivers, in Expectation of deriving therefrom a lasting Profit? And all this because such People report themselves Philanthropists and Worthies, because they say that their Wishes for the Good of their Fellow Creatures, their Sensibility for their Distresses, have prompted these medicinal Labours of theirs, and that it is by the peculiar Blessing of God they made the Discovery of their boasted *Nostrums.* Presumptuous Men! thus to make the Name of Omnipotence accessary to a Lie, and to attribute the Actions of Knavery to the Principles of Honour. Do they feel for the Miseries of human Life? Do they deplore the Calamities of their Fellow Creatures? If their Hearts are so open to Benevolence, so disposed to Kindness, why do they deceive them with Falshoods, why do the tempt them into Error? why do they poison them with their execrable Compositions? Is this their Humanity, is this the best Proof they can give of their heavenly Inspiration? But according to the admirable *Tissot,*

"There are some callous hardened Beings among this
"murderous Band, who, with a View to establish their
"Influence and Revenue as well upon Fear as upon
"Hope, have horridly ventured so far as to incline
"the Populace to doubt, whether they receive their
"boasted Gift and Power from Heaven or from Hell;
"and yet these are Men who are trusted with the Lives
"and Health of many others."

But what are the favourite Grounds on which they found these lofty Claims to Attention and Preference? That most common is the miraculous Potency of their Medicines, in being alike useful for almost every Thing. They are universal Panaceas, they are never failing Antidotes for every Disease. Madmen that they are! to destroy by such unaccountable Inconsistencies the very Credit they wish to gain, to aver Things so immediately opposite to all Reason and Probability. How many are the Changes which take Place in the Course of the most simple Disease, how different the Appearances it from Time to Time assumes! This Contrariety of Symptoms arrises from the perpetual Difference of Constitutions and of Situations, from the Variety of Seasons and of Habits; from the Complications of which every Disorder is itself capable, from its particular State and various Duration. Now is it at all likely that under all these opposite Circumstances, the same Treatment should answer, the same Medicine succeed? For in what does the Skill of the ablest Physicians consist so much as in adapting the Medicine to the Constitution and Case, and in varying the former according to the Changes of the latter? When this is neglected the best Medicines may be not only ineffectual, but prove the Occasion of the greatest Calamities, for improper Medicines not only protract, but also render more obstinate and grievous the Diseases they were intended to cure. "General Remedies," says *Dr. Gregory*, "cannot "answer, an Empiric advertises a Cure for a Head-"ache; But pray what kind of Head-ache? There "are different kinds and the Remedy for one will not "answer for another."

But if they are so fully conscious, as they profess, of their *Nostrums* having in Reality all the great Virtues they pretend, why instead of patiently waiting the Reward of Genius and merit, do theyhave Recourse perpetually to Fraud and Intrigue? Why do they degrade themselvss by mean and disingenuous Practices to attract the Attention of the Mob? Why do they stoop to the most scandalous Arts to move the Credulity of the Mechanic, publishing false Accounts and forged Certificates, and exercising all the Artifices of Delusion?

Thus considered in any Point of View, even in that the most favourable, how enormous must appear their Crimes, who in the most deliberate Moments can plan Traps for the Insnarement of their Fellow Creatures! who in the Prospect of procuring the Bread they eat and amassing the Wealth they hoard, break through all the Duties of Humanity, and degrade to the lowest Degree the Dignity of human Nature! who are content to live themselves at the Price of the

Existence of others, and who spend their Lives in the Traffic of mortal Happiness. But what must be the Feeling of every honest Englishman, what must be the Sorrow that rends his Heart, when he considers that more die annually, in his own Country, by the Hands of these inhuman Savages, than in all the other different Nations of Europe, that notwithstanding its Renown for Courage, for Wisdom, for Science, its Nurture of these Wretches is a perpetual Disgrace, the Regret of Philosophers at Home, and the Wonder of Foreigners abroad?

Well, *says the Lady*, I must own that what you have said has led me to think more seriously on this Subject than I was before inclined to do, I will only add then, *replied I*, that I wish all would consider it in as serious a Light as your Ladyship, not only for the Honour of the Subject itself, but for their own Advantage.

FINIS.

Philp, Printer, Dock.